



Blame by mcplestreet

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Summary: "I don't blame her I blame you!" Eleven leaned on the wall next to Will's bedroom door, listening to the argument taking place inside and wishing she could do something to take away Mike's pain. It took everything in her to not bust the door down and run into his arms. (Eleven's thoughts while Hopper and Mike argue) Mileven oneshot

Blame

I hope you enjoy this one-shot! I really enjoyed writing it. This idea popped in my head literally out of nowhere haha. Any and all feedback is 110% welcome :)

"I don't! I *don't* understand!"

Eleven leaned on the wall next to Will's bedroom door, listening to the slightly muffled voices coming from inside. Her heart ached at the sound of Mike so upset. She'd known the whole time she was living in the cabin that he would be angry once he found out Hopper was keeping them apart. But imagining it and hearing it were two *very* different feelings. She wanted to fling the door open and run back into his arms, but she knew that he and Hopper needed to talk things out first.

"That's fine, just do *not* blame her."

"I don't blame her I blame *you*!"

Dustin and Lucas appeared in the hallway, instantly hearing the argument taking place. Their faces fell as they looked at the door then back at Eleven. She hated that she couldn't even properly focus on the joy of seeing her friends again. Mike was *hurting* and her brain refused to think about anything else. He was only feet away from her and, for the time being, there was nothing she could do to help him. It was a hopeless sort of feeling she had experienced for the past 353 days, she just wasn't used to him being so *close* to her yet feeling just as helpless.

The two boys leaned on the wall on the other side of the door, listening to the argument and looking at her with sympathy. She had an inkling that her feelings for Mike were no secret despite the fact that she had never explicitly said them out loud. Even if she had wanted to do so the words to describe the way she felt about Mike were not in her vocabulary.

"I can't believe you've been in town this whole time." Lucas said,

quietly as to avoid interrupting the argument. "We thought you were dead, or worse."

Dustin shook his head, "Every time we talked to Hopper he never once thought to mention that you were okay. It's unbelievable."

"It's not his fault." She told them. "Just trying to protect me."

Despite the fact that everyone seemed to be putting the blame on Hopper she couldn't help but feel like she deserved some as well. She should have tried harder to see her friends. To see Mike. She'd gone through all the trouble of sneaking out of the cabin and getting to the school and didn't even see them. The sight of Mike with another girl had completely discouraged her, and put the idea in her mind that he had forgotten about her. But now she realized she should have at least tried to find Dustin or Lucas. If only she had been trained to go back in time.

"Nothing about this is okay!"

Eleven shut her eyes, briefly considering walking away. She didn't think she could bear to hear anymore. But she stayed exactly where she was, determined to be there when the door opened. She wasn't going to spend a minute more than she needed to away from Mike ever again. When the frostbite and starvation hadn't killed her after living in the woods for months she had been sure the heartbreak would have.

After all the things the people at the lab had told him about her she had been sure he would give up on her eventually. Then, in Hoppers cabin, while she listened to him in the Nether she realized how wrong she had been. The pain of knowing he missed her almost as much as she missed him was even more unbearable than thinking he hated her. 353 days had passed and she had a feeling she wouldn't have been able to take many more.

"You stupid, disgusting liar!"

He kept going until his voice was replaced by sobs. Eleven could almost hear the sound of her heart shattering and falling on the floor. It took everything in her to not bust the door down. She clenched her

fists and forced her feet to stay in the same spot, afraid that if she moved a muscle she would run inside. For almost three whole minutes all she could do was listen to him cry and stare at the door helplessly. Finally the sound of his sobs started to die down, followed by some rustling.

"I understand why you're upset." She could hear Hopper saying, his voice softer than it had been just minutes before. "But can you understand why I had to keep her hidden?"

"I guess."

"You don't have to be happy about it, you just have to understand."

She heard him sniffle before he spoke again. "Yeah, okay."

"Good. Now you two have some catching up to do."

The three kids straighten up when they heard Hopper walking up to the door. Dustin and Lucas quickly went back down the hall to prevent getting caught eavesdropping, but Eleven didn't move an inch. Hopper opened the door, clearly surprised to see her standing right there. He patted her shoulder lightly before walking past her. When he moved to the side she spotted Mike standing with his back to her, wiping at his face.

She walked in, part of her afraid he would disappear if she tried to touch him like when she saw him in the Nether. But this wasn't the Nether, and she wasn't still locked up in Hopper's cabin. She walked up to him tentatively, "Mike?"

He turned around, still wiping at his face. His expression lit up when he saw that it was her. Once she was close enough he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into another hug. "I still can't believe you're here."

"Me too." She said, her face buried in his neck. "I missed you."

They fell silent as they hugged each other, Mike sniffling every minute or so. With her eyes closed and her body pressed against his Eleven could, for a moment, pretend that nothing existed in the world other than them. No demogorgons, no lab, no Hopper saying it

was best for them to be apart until things were safe. There was only Mike and Eleven. At least until she opened her eyes and looked up at him. Behind him she could see the strange pieces of paper hung up on the wall, but she didn't ask any questions about them. She wanted to ignore everything that was going on and focus only on Mike for as long as possible.

"I'm sorry." She told him, feeling some tears of her own threatening to break loose. "I wanted to talk to you, but he said I couldn't."

His hands moved from her waist to her cheeks. "It's okay, I know."

Her bottom lip started to quiver but she forced herself to keep talking. Through all of the lessons she'd gotten on speaking she suffered through them and told herself that they would one day come in handy when she got to take to Mike again. But now that she stood in front of him all the words she had learned felt stuck in her throat. "I didn't listen. I left and tried to find you."

She watched his face light up, starting with his eyes. God she loved his eyes. Though they were the same shade of brown as her own he just made it look so much better. "You did?"

"Yes." Eleven felt her throat start to burn, and she swallowed in attempt to get rid of the feeling. It didn't work. "I went to school. I saw you in the gym with *her*."

"Max?"

Eleven nodded. "I thought that she had..." she paused, trying to remember the word she had heard on the television only a few days before. How did she say it? "Replaced me."

"El, oh my god, no." He said, shaking his head. His thumb rubbed her cheek, leaving a coat of blush behind. "I would never do that. *Ever*. You're irreplaceable."

"Irreplaceable?" She asked, struggling on the new word

"It means you can't be replaced." He explained for her. "There's no one like you. There never will be. You're the most amazing person I've ever met."

A wide smile spread on Eleven's face. She wondered what it was that caused him to think so highly of her. While others called her a freak Mike told her she was amazing. She remembered the first time she had been in school and seeing how the other kids treated Mike. Her heart had shattered when they called him things she didn't quite understand. But it didn't take her long to realize they were unkind. How could someone think of Mike the way Troy did while he had been her main motivation for staying strong. Any time she started to feel herself start to go crazy she thought of Mike. *Soon* would come.

Eleven turned her head to look out the door behind them. The only one in view was Johnathan, but he was too busy talking to someone to pay much attention to them. She turned back towards Mike, a small smile spreading on her face. Eleven pressed a quick kiss against his lips, only a small peck that lasted seconds. But she'd been dreaming about those seconds for 353 days. Ever since he kissed her in the school she had wanted the feeling again. And seeing people kissing on the television felt like a personal taunt. She had promised herself that once they saw each other again she was going to kiss him, no matter who was around.

Though it was so much better alone. Just Mike and Eleven, together. The way they were meant to be.